

# THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI., NO. 4800.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., MONDAY, JUNE 25, 1900.

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## STATE NEWS.

Items of Interest to People in This  
Part of New Hampshire.

Engene Plante, aged 22, of Dover, stabbed his father during a quarrel at midnight, Saturday. The boy had come home in an intoxicated condition. He was arrested in Berwick and taken back to Dover. The father is in a critical condition.

William Laspee of Franklin committed suicide.

The Dover officers raided the Dover Point house, the Piscataqua house and the Waverly house on Sunday. The proprietors were ordered in police court.

A man by the name of Lang, belonging in Haverhill, Mass., was drowned in Derry, while swimming on Sunday.

William Campbell of Laconia, arranged on a complaint alleging that he was a retail liquor dealer and that he did not possess a revenue license, was ordered to furnish \$300 bail, for an appearance at court to be held in Portsmouth on July 10.

Of the class just graduated from Phillips-Exeter, forty-five, or more than half of the whole number of members, will go to Harvard next fall.

The Hedding Chautauque assembly and summer school will open its season this year on July 30, bringing it to a close on Aug. 17.

The annual summer meeting of the Piscataqua Congregational club will be held at the Farragut house, Rye beach, on Tuesday, July 3. The principal address will be delivered by Rev. William Bartlett of Lowell, Mass.

The New Hampshire bank commissioners have asked Attorney-General Edwin G. Eastman of Exeter to give an official opinion defining the legal construction to be placed upon the words "real estate."

Dr. Joseph C. Moore has recovered sufficiently to drive out of doors.

## A STEADY JOB FOR THEM.

South Berwick Jurors to Adjourn,  
From Time to Time, This Summer.

It now looks as though the coroner's jury at South Berwick would have a steady job, this summer. It is to adjourn from time to time, this summer, until the crime be fixed upon someone.

The jury met on Saturday, as per schedule, and proceeded to the Florence J. Knight farm where the crime was committed. Mr. Edward Knight was examined at considerable length, the hearing of his testimony consuming a greater part of the forenoon.

When the jury had finished with Mr. Knight, Albert Allen, a section hand on the eastern division of the B. & M. road, and Andrew Johnson, who works with him, were called and examined.

They testified to Knight getting a load of railroad ties with the cart that had a missing stake, the stake being the same as was found under Mrs. Sprague's body. Saturday afternoon Charles Meador and Herbert Allen, who formerly worked for Knight, testified.

## ACROSS THE RIVER.

Brief Notes From Kittery Gathered  
For Herald Readers Today.

Albion P. Drew died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Frank L. Trefethen, at Locke's cove on Saturday afternoon at the age of seventy-six years. Prayers were read at the house at eight o'clock this morning by the Rev. E. C. Hall of the Second Christian church and the body was taken to Richmond, Me., for burial by H. W. Nickerson of Portsmouth.

## MAINE NOTES.

A syndicate of young men of Berwick and Somersworth are making arrangements to purchase an automobile.

One of the incidents of commencement day at Berwick academy at South Berwick was the successful formation of an Alumni association, which will endeavor to call its members together by an annual banquet.

It is expected that Kennebunk will be represented in the Southeastern New Hampshire base ball league, and that they will play their first game at Central park with Somersworth next Saturday.

No need to fear sudden attacks of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea or summer complaint, if you have Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the medicine chest.

## "KA-SHI-KO-MA-RI."

The Japanese play "Ka shi ko-ma-ri," which will be presented at the afternoon entertainment of the strawberry festival given by the "Daughters of the King," next Wednesday afternoon, deserves special mention, as it will be the first of the kind ever seen in Portsmouth, and will undoubtedly draw a large number of people.

New York, Boston, Cambridge and many other cities have, during the past winter, taken up the delightful fad of Japanese plays, and "Ka-shi-ko-ma-ri" is one of the prettiest and most enterprising of all those given in America.

The characters will all be taken by society people, who are working hard preparing it. The scenery is elaborate, and an exact representation of a Japanese marriage occurs in the first act. Not a word of English will be spoken, and throughout the play, one is enchanted with the peculiar Japanese language and the beautiful picture of Japanese life.

## OBITUARY.

Mrs. William Conn.

The news has been received in this city of the death of Mrs. William Conn, for many years a resident of Portsmouth, who died at her summer home in Hillsboro, Saturday night, after a week's illness of pneumonia. She has one daughter in this city, Mrs. Lewis E. Staples. Mrs. Conn was a woman of Christian character and was held in the highest esteem.

## PROMOTIONS AT NAVY YARD.

The following promotions have taken place at the navy yard:

John Grant, leadingman shipfitter inside; Charles Sheppard, leadingman shipfitter outside; Mark H. Fernald, quartermaster shipwright; F. H. Bond, quartermaster laborer.

## SUMMER TIME TABLE.

The summer arrangement of trains on the Boston and Maine railroad goes into effect today. The schedule is practically the same as last season's. By it, Portsmouth is favored with plenty of trains daily to and from Boston.

## "Great Men" at Close View.

Washington sentiment concerning our great men is apt to be biased. It always reminds one of the theory that contempt is engendered by familiarity and that few men remain heroes to the next door neighbor. Because a man walks about on two legs like an ordinary individual and betrays the ordinary tendencies of humanity to blow hot and cold he is subjected to the disillusionizing process and taken down from the pedestal of a demigod by the masses who have exalted him. It was on this theory that monarchs of the old regime surrounded themselves with courtiers and only moved about in a coach with a military escort and that when Napoleon the Great came to power he usurped their imperial privileges. But those who mercilessly dissect the great men of our capital because they are necessarily human and often everyday citizens in this republic forget that even heroes and statesmen are important to exactly the same degree that their fellow men are able to see them.—Boston Herald.

## Horse of Beest

The first day horse was served out at Kimberley some of it was cooked for the officers' mess at the mounted camp. At the table Peakman said:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that we were unable to get all our beef today and had to take part of it in horseflesh. This which I am carving is beef; the horse is at the other end, and any one who prefers it can help himself."

Nobody did prefer it, and so they all ate beef and made a good dinner. When they had finished, Peakman suddenly exclaimed:

"By Jove, gentlemen, I find I have made a mistake in the joints! This is the horseflesh and the other is beef."

It was just a dodge of his to get them started on the horseflesh.—Diary of Dr. Oliver Ashe.

## Proved Too Much.

The troubles of housekeepers with their "help" are endless, and many that actually happen are quite as funny as those that find their way into print through the active imaginations of the gifted young men who write for the comic journals.

The mistress of an establishment went into the kitchen one morning to see how her new cook was getting along.

"There was a wash basin in the sink, half full of water, and a cake of soap was floating in it."

"This is wasteful, Keturah," she said. "When you wash your hands, always take out the soap and empty the water."

"I haven't used that washpan at all today, ma'am," replied Keturah indignantly.

The next day Keturah was hunting for a new situation.

## New Ornament.

Mrs. Aristocrat—Did you hear what Mrs. Nouveau Riche said to me at the concert this afternoon?

Mrs. Wellborn—No, my dear. Do tell me all about it.

Mrs. Aristocrat—Well, she informed me she had decided to have a new de plume in her hat.—Barber's Barber.

## KITTERY REPUBLICAN CAUCUS.

They Elect Delegates, Town Committee and Candidate for Representative.

The republicans of Kittery met in Friess's hall, Kittery Point, Saturday afternoon, and elected delegates to the district and state conventions. They also nominated Ernest L. Chaney as a candidate for representative to the legislature. A vote of censure was also passed, condemning the methods of the old town committee.

Calvin L. Hayes was elected chairman by a vote of three to one in the total cast.

## Delegates were chosen as follows:

To the State Convention—Jethro H. Swett, Fred H. Wilson, Addison Lawry, John A. Phillips, Augustus Stevenson, Wallace S. Jackson, Oliver Cottle.

To the District Convention—James R. Philbrick, William T. Burrows, Albert F. Billings, Harry H. Cook, Austin M. W. Trefethen, Wentworth E. Seawards, Eugene Williams.

To the County Convention—E. Everett Otis, Joseph Keen, John H. Wiggins, Bertram F. Moore, George D. Boulter, John H. Call, George B. Frost, Paschal M. Langton, Leander Grant, George W. Keeney.

The following town committee was elected: Ernest L. Chaney, Clarence M. Prince, Mark E. Boulter, John H. Call, Addison S. Lawry, Clarence S. Chick, J. Fred Stevenson, O. Sumner Paul, William T. Burrows.

The resolutions passed were as follows:

We, citizens and legal voters of Kittery, in republican caucus assembled, desiring to emphatically express our disapproval of the methods pursued for the last four years by the present republican town committee do

Resolved: That the calling of caucuses out of doors, in out of the way places, where it was impossible to obtain a fair expression of opinion or maintain order, deserves and has our earnest condemnation.

Resolved: That the disgraceful attempt of the present chairman of the republican town committee to defeat the will of the majority of the caucus held in Chapman's hall last fall, shows his unfitness for the position and the necessity for the selection of some one who will administer the office in a fair and impartial manner.

Resolved: That we most emphatically denounce the attempt lately made by Horace Mitchell and John Thaxter to injure our fellow townsmen by subjecting them to investigation of charges false, and known to be so, as we believe, by those preferring them.

Resolved: That we, today, take this method to notify the state, district and county committees of our action and ask its acceptance in the interest of fair dealing.

Resolved: That we denounce the calling of this caucus at 2.30 P. M., as thereby our voters have been subjected to inconvenience and expense and many deprived of the privilege of voting through inability to be present:

## BASE BALL.

Somersworth 7, Portsmouth 4.

Somersworth won from Portsmouth seven to four in a fast and exciting game at Central park on Saturday. The score was tied up to the seventh inning, when Somersworth got two runs on Varney's hit to center and another on errors. Holmes pitched high-class ball, striking out six men. Varney, Dartmouth's star pitcher, pitched the eighth and ninth innings for Somersworth. The features of the game were Hurd's batting and Brackett's one-hand catch of a high fly ball.

The betting order of the Portsmouth team was as follows: Smith \$5, Frank Woods 3, Will Woods m, Polhemus 1, Brackett 1, Scruton 2, Willur c, Lane r, Holmes p.

The following is the score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Somersworth	0	2	0	0	0	3	2	*	7
Portsmouth	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	2	4

The Maplewoods defeated the Unity club team by the score of nineteen to eight, on the Lookout grounds, Saturday afternoon, before quite a crowd of spectators.

## UNION SERVICE.

The Protestant churches of the city joined in a union service at the North church on Sunday evening. The pulpit was filled by Rev. J. E. Abbott, missionary from India, who spoke interestingly concerning the famine in that far-off land. There was special music, and the congregation was large.

"Safe bind, safe find." Fortify yourself by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now and be sure of good health for months to come.

## NO LACK OF LITHO STONES.

Supply in Bavaria Will Last For Two Centuries at Least.

Stones on which drawings in process of lithography are done are found in different sections of this country, but they are of a poor quality. Their clayey substance is mixed with gritty particles which interfere with the smoothing of the slabs to a perfect surface. Hence lithographers in this country have to depend upon a foreign supply of these stones. Heretofore the supply has been sufficient, but every little while the rumor is circulated that it soon will be insufficient. The best, indeed nearly all, of these stones come from Bavaria, and our consul at Nuremberg has reported on the subject to the state department.

According to him most of the ground beneath which the litho stones lie belongs to the communities of Solnhofen and Moersheim, and therefore each of these communities has a share in the ground. From time to time each of the communities measures out a new stretch of land and divides it into lots, and each homestead owner gets his part. He either can explore the ground himself or sell his claim to one of the larger owners. The ground itself, after it has been deprived of its costly treasure, becomes again the property of the community. One would suppose that these communities are rich, but these Solnhofeners never have understood how to utilize the monopoly which they practically possess. They undersold each other, and the result was that up to about a year ago their profit was modest. In January, 1899, they formed a combination and now get more satisfactory prices.

The blue or gray stones are the most costly, as they are harder and better for engraving, and more copies can be obtained from them. Being harder, they stand the polishing on both sides better than the yellow ones and therefore are used chiefly for exportation to the United States. In fact, the United States takes only these double faced stones, which can be worked by the printer from both sides. The Germans, on the other hand, are wont to use single faced stones. Every stone does not take polish on both sides. A stone may be good on one side while on the other it is unfit for use, has flaws, splits, etc. Such blemishes are not always apparent on the surface, but may come out when the stone is worked upon by the printer. It requires, therefore, skilled workmen who have been in the trade from their childhood to see that none but good stones leave their hands.—Chicago Chronicle.

## "LABBY" AS AN ATTACHE.

He Got Even With the Red Tape Head of His Legation.

Once I served under a minister who was the incarnation of officialdom. He looked with humble and reverential awe on all the tomfooleries of red tapeism, as though they were of equal value with the Ten Commandments. At that time all dispatches from a minister to the foreign secretary had to finish as follows, if he were a peer:

I have the honor to be, with the highest respect,  
My lord,  
Your lordship's  
Most humble,  
Obedient servant.

One day I took him a batch of dispatches among which he discovered one in which I had written "Most humble, obedient servant" in one line instead of two. He started back with horror depicted on his countenance. "Good heavens!" he said, "do you wish to ruin me? Look, look!" and he pointed to the words. "What's the matter with them?" I said. "Do you not know," he replied, "that it ought to be in two lines?" "Why should it be?" I asked. "There are no doubt good reasons," he answered. "If you treat with disrespect rules that have been laid down for our guidance, I am afraid that you will never advance in your profession."

It was not long before I had my revenge on the worthy red tapist. Dispatches were not allowed to be sent home unless sealed with sealing wax. The chancery ran out of this article, and I asked him for more. "What I gave you," he said, "a little time ago ought not to have been used so carelessly that none remains. I shall not give you any more before a month hence." He was in the habit of writing home long, twaddling dispatches by the bushel, and at the end of the month there were some 20 or 30 of them which, instead of sending home, I had carefully deposited in a drawer. Then I mentioned this to him, adding that there was a rule which forbade them being sent except in sealed envelopes—a rule that I had not felt justified in violating after his valuable observations on obedience to orders. The cruel truth to him was that no one at the foreign office had complained of his silence or had

seemed distressed that it should be broken. If he realized that he had in me a model attache, he did not express this opinion of me aloud.—Labouchere in London Truth.

## PERSPIRATION.

A Condition Practically Confined to Men, Monkeys and Horses.

Perspiration is almost peculiar to men, monkeys and horses. Horses sweat all over the body, and so do human beings, but monkeys, it is said, sweat only on the hands, feet and face. The use of perspiration is mainly to cool the body by its evaporation, although it is generally believed that waste materials are also excreted through the sweat glands when the action of the kidneys is interfered with. In animals that perspire but little the cooling of the body is effected by evaporation from the lungs, as we see in the case of a panting dog.

The amount of perspiration varies greatly, according to the temperature of the surrounding air, the condition of health, the degree of exercise taken, the amount of fluids imbibed, etc. The average amount of perspiration is thought to be about two pints a day, but this is of course much increased in hot weather. In damp weather evaporation from the skin is lessened, and so one seems to perspire more profusely than in dry weather, but this is only apparent, for really transpiration is lessened when the atmosphere is charged with moisture.

Hyperhidrosis is the medical term used to denote an abnormal increase in perspiration. This increase may be general from the entire body or confined to some particular part, as the face, the hands or the feet. Profuse sweating is very common in cases of debility and in excessively stout persons. It occurs also in connection with various diseases, such as consumption (night sweats), pneumonia, inflammatory rheumatism and certain nervous disorders. Sudden emotion may cause increased perspiration.

The opposite condition, a great diminution or absence of sweating (anhidrosis), is much rarer and occurs usually in connection with some disease of the skin. Sometimes the character of the secretion is changed, and cases of black, blue, gray, yellow or red sweating have been described.

The treatment of profuse perspiration depends upon the cause. Tonics, cold or cool bathing, especially salt bathing, temperate exercise and rubbing of the skin are useful in cases dependent upon general debility or obesity. Spraying or sponging the body with brandy and water, vinegar and water or a solution of tannin or of boric acid is useful.

Certain drugs which have a tendency to diminish perspiration are sometimes employed to reduce the night sweats of consumption when these are so excessive as to weaken the already debilitated patient and to prevent much needed sleep.—Youth's Companion.

## FISHING IN POLYNESIA.

Natives Hook the Finny Tribes With Fishhooks Grown on Trees.

A party of palm fishers are ready to set out from the little island of Nanomaga, the smallest but most thickly populated of the Ellice group. The night must be windless and moonless, the latter condition being absolutely indispensable, although, curiously enough, the fish will take the hook on an ordinary starlight night. Time after time have I tried my luck with either a growing or a waning moon, much to the amusement of the natives, and never once did I get a palu, although other nocturnal feeding fish bit freely enough, notably a monstrous species of sea perch called la-heu.

The tackle used by the natives is made of coconut sennit, four or eight strands, of great strength, and capable of holding a 15 foot shark, which is one of these prowlers seize the bait. The hook is made of wood—in fact, the same as is used for shark fishing—about one inch and a half in diameter, 14 inches in the shank, with a natural curve, the barb, or rather that which answers the purpose of a barb, being supplied by a small piece lashed horizontally across the top of the end of the curve.

These peculiar wooden hooks are grown. The roots of a tree called ngua, whose wood is of great toughness, are watched when they protrude from a bank and trained into the desired shape. Specimens of these may be seen in almost any ethnographical museum. To sink the line coral stones of three or four pounds' weight are used, attached by a very thick piece of sennit, or bark, which, when the fish is struck, is always broken by its struggles and falls off, thus releasing the line from an unnecessary weight. It is no light task hauling in a thick, heavy line hanging straight up and down for a length of from 75 to 100 fathoms or more.—Chambers Journal.

UP-TO-DATE BOOTS AND OXFORDS

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Our OXFORDS are the handsomest, easiest, coolest and most up-to-date shoes made.

An inspection will convince any man or woman that we are justified in saying we have the finest and most fashionable leathers, most correct and latest shapes. All prices from \$1.25 to \$5.00.





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**FOR PORTSMOUTH**  
AND  
**PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.**

You want local news? Read the Herald. More local news than any other daily combined. Try it.

MONDAY, JUNE 25, 1900.

When it came right down to the fine point it was "We the people" that settled the matter.

Further inquiry leads to the conclusion that the Amos Cummings' boom for vice-president is mounted on a disappearing gun carriage.

Unless conditions in China improve very soon it may be necessary to kick the "open door" off the hinges in order to let the troops in to restore peace.

Don't make fun of Uncle Paul Kruger merely because he has to haul the Transvaal capital from place to place in a cart. Remember that the peevish Britishers compelled our own Uncle Jimmy Monroe to do precisely the same sort of thing during the long cold spell in 1812. It generally happens that there are others.

If Bryan's convention were in session now it would doubtless adopt a few sizzling resolutions denouncing the administration for its resolute determination to protect the lives and property of American citizens in China. The policy thus declared is distinctly "imperialistic," and the Bryanites will be "begin" it on general principles.

In certain contingencies it might be necessary to call an extra session of congress to consider the Chinese question, but, bearing in mind that it would subject the country to another attack of Pettigrewitis, together with a recurrence of Lentzomania, it should be postponed just as long as possible. The public can't stand everything.

In 1896 the party of McKinleyism and prosperity said "Open the mills!" and this year it says "Keep them open!" The sons of American industry are marching under the grand old republican flag of free labor, sound money and tariff protection. They are keeping step to the music of the Union. Thinkers, whiners and prophets of evil who don't want to get trampled under foot should engage places on the top rail of the fence without delay.

Having spent \$200,000 directly and indirectly to secure the Bryan convention, the people of Kansas City are now informed that they will receive only 800 tickets of admission to the sessions of that assemblage. The performance, of course, is bound to be the theatrical event of the season, but the inhabitants of the western metropolis are seriously wondering whether the show can possibly be worth \$250 a seat. It looks somewhat as though they were the victims of an amusement trust.

The assertion is spreading from responsible sources that Mr. Bryan will not stump the country in his own behalf this year, but will, with the exception of a few flying visits to western points, remain at home in Lincoln and devote his oratory to visiting delegations. The declaration appears, on its face, to be incredible; but if true, the arrangement must be due to his more sane advisers rather than his own judgment. It is the onlooker, not the orator, who realizes most the significance of the fact that Bryan lost, in 1896, every state which he included in his car platform campaign.

From the platform of the republican party:

No single fact can more strikingly tell the story of what republican government means to the country than this—that while during the whole period of 107 years from 1789 to 1897 there was an excess of exports over imports of only \$385,928,497, there has been in the short three years of the present republican administration an excess of exports over imports in the enormous sum of \$1,483,537,094.

Even had the party declaration begun and ended with that statement, it would be weighty enough to insure the reelection of President McKinley.

**ADMIRAL REMEY.**  
Ordered To Take At Once On  
The Brooklyn.  
Superb Oregon Also Speeding  
There From Hong Kong.

**American Marines Killed In An Ambuscade Near Tien Tsin.**

WASHINGTON, June 24th.—The navy department this afternoon made the following announcement: "A telegram from Admiral Kempf, dated the 24th, says: In ambuscade near Tien Tsin on the 21st, four men of Waller's command were killed and seven wounded. The names will be furnished as soon as received. A force of four thousand is going to the relief of Tien Tsin today."

The secretary of the navy today ordered Admiral Remy to proceed on the cruiser Brooklyn to Taku and also tender General McArthur conveyance for any army troops that he may wish to send. This means that Taku is to be made the headquarters of the Asiatic Squadron. The Brooklyn is expected to sail at once, today if possible, in order to get the admiral at Taku quickly. The advantage of this move is not intended to be the strengthening of the fleet there by the addition of the Brooklyn, as the secretary of the navy believes that Admiral Kempf's fleet is quite adequate for all requirements, but the purpose is to deal more directly with the Chinese situation than by the circuitous way of Manila. It will take the Brooklyn a week to reach Taku, which is two thousand miles from Manila. The fact that some of the troops are to go on Admiral Remy's flag ship indicates the seriousness of the emergency. The navy department received word today that the Oregon left Hong Kong for Taku last evening, two days ahead of her expected time. She carries one hundred and sixty-four sailors and marines brought to Hong Kong by the Zafiro. The distance from Hong Kong to Taku is fifteen hundred miles and if the Oregon goes by her record, she should get there in six days, or at the same time that the Brooklyn arrives. The Brooklyn, Oregon and Monadnock are all the war ships going to Taku. Admiral Crown insidiously denounces as untrue the report that the Princeton, Marietta and other ships are to be sent. There is no need of them, as Admiral Remy, with the Brooklyn and Oregon, will have a fully sufficient force of fighting vessels.

**Summary of the Chinese Situation.**

LONDON, June 25, 3:00 A. M.—The position of the international force in North China, opposed by ten thousand men and striving to keep a footing and anchor the foreign legations in Peking, seems to increase in peril with every fresh despatch. Peking has not been

**PROTECTION FOR EVERY WOMAN**  
IS FOUND IN  
**DR. MERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION**



"I am the mother of four children," writes Mrs. Euphemia Falconer, of Trent, Muskogee Co., Mich. "My first two babies were still-born, and I suffered everything but death. My friends all thought I could never recover. I was reduced to ten pounds. When I was three months along for my third child I was taken with hemorrhage or flooding and came near having a miscarriage from female weakness. For two months I was under the care of my doctor, but was getting weaker all the time until one day I happened to come across one of your little books and I read it through, and the next day I sent and got three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of 'Pelle's.' I improved so fast I continued to take your medicine until baby was born, and he is healthy and all right. My health has been good ever since. I now weigh 165 pounds."

**"Favorite Prescription" makes Weak Women Strong, and Sick Women Well.**

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5 CIGAR  
Look for the Star on every Cigar.  
Made at Stahl City, N. Y.  
The best 5 Cigar that ever happened. The best dealers sell them. Gentlemen smoke them. THE RICHARDSON CO., 235 Washington St., Boston, Mass.



heard from directly for fourteen days. The last despatch was one imploring aid. Admiral Seymour's force of two thousand men was heard from twelve days ago. Then it was surrounded midway between Tien Tsin and Peking. Possibly now it is in Peking. The three thousand troops in Tien Tsin were hard pressed and fighting for their lives on Thursday. A force of less than a thousand was beaten back to Taku on Friday. Observers on the spot believe that one hundred thousand men would not be too many to grasp China firmly. The British admiralty has received the following despatch from Taku:

CHIEF-FOO, June 23.—Only one runner has got through from Tien Tsin in five days. The only information received is that the foreign settlements are mostly destroyed and our people are fighting hard. News has come that the relief column from Tien Tsin was repulsed on the 22d with some loss.

The despatch also says that all the foreign admirals are acting in perfect accord and that the Russian admiral is the senior officer. A despatch from Shanghai, yesterday, at four P. M., says: "The guns of the Chinese around Tien Tsin are superior to anything the foreign forces have got. Bomb proofs were hastily constructed by the foreigners on Friday, mostly out of wetted piece goods. The bombardment continued that day. The food supplies are insufficient and the bombardment is telling terribly." It was reported in Shanghai yesterday that the forts at Taku had been blown up by the allied forces and every available man had been sent to the relief of Tien Tsin. It was also said that four thousand Chinese had been killed at Tien Tsin.

**AWFUL DISASTER ON THE RAIL.**

ATLANTA, GA., June 24.—A passenger train on the Macon branch of the Southern railroad ran into a washout one and a half miles north of Macon, last night, and was totally destroyed. The wreck caught fire and all the persons on the train, except those in the Pullman car, perished. The dead number thirty five in all. Not a single one of the train crew escaped. Ten people, none seriously injured, were rescued. Overwhelming rains of the past two weeks have swollen all the streams in this vicinity. Camp creek, which is over its banks, runs alongside the railroad near Macon, and finally goes under the roadway through a stone culvert. A cloudburst occurred over that point early last evening and a stretch of track one hundred feet long was washed out. When the train went down, the storm was still raging and all the car windows were shut. The passengers met death without an instant's warning.

**SIX PASSENGERS KILLED.**

GREEN BAY, WIS., June 24.—A north bound train on the Chicago and North western railroad, crowded with excursionists coming to the Sangersfest in this city, collided with a freight train near Deper, five miles south of here, this morning. Six of the passengers were killed, one is missing and thirty four were seriously injured.

**GUTTED BY FIRE.**

LACONIA, N. H., June 24.—The Central block on Main street, occupied by a number of firms, was gutted by fire tonight, causing a loss of fully \$50,000. The insurance on building and contents is about \$33,000. The fire caught in a drug store, probably from spontaneous combustion.

**BASE BALL.**

The following is the result of the games played in the National league yesterday:  
Chicago 3, Cincinnati 5; at Chicago. The St. Louis-Pittsburg game was prevented by rain.

**WEATHER INDICATIONS.**

WASHINGTON, June 21.—Forecast for New England: Partly cloudy Monday, warmer in the extreme eastern portions, showers on the south coast, brisk southeasterly winds; Tuesday, showers and cooler.

Scald head is an eczema of the scalp—very severe sometimes, but it can be cured. Doan's Ointment, quick and permanent in its results. At any drug store, 50 cents.

**DEEP SEA PRESSURE.**  
How It Changes a Corked Bottle of Wine Into Water.  
"Speaking of deep sea pressure," said one of the officers of the training ship Frigate, "did you ever hear of the experiment of lowering a bottle of champagne and forcing in the cork? No? Well, it's very curious. I saw it done when I was on the Hero during its Pacific cruise, taking deep soundings. An officer on board offered to wager that if a bottle of champagne was let down to a certain depth it would come up tightly corked, but full of salt water. Somebody took him up, and the experiment was at once tried."

"A quart bottle of champagne was secured from the wardroom and attached to the cannon ball weight used on the deep sounding apparatus. They let it down, how far I don't remember, but it was several thousand feet, and when they began to hoist there was naturally a great deal of curiosity. 'All hands clustered about the rail, and when the bottle appeared it was eagerly examined. The cork was firmly in place, although it looked as if it had been badly crushed or jammed, and, miraculous as it may seem, the stuff inside was undeniably sea water. Everybody could testify that the bottle went down full of champagne, and how the transformation was effected was a first class mystery to most of those present."

"Yet the explanation was very simple. When the bottle reached a certain depth, the pressure drove the cork right down into the body of it. The champagne then escaped, water under compression took its place, and in returning to the surface the cork, which was floating in the neck, was pushed up into its former position. Nevertheless it was a very surprising thing to witness."

"They tried the same experiment with a bottle of beer, and when hauled back to the surface its cork was found sticking tightly in the neck, but turned bottom side up. It had evidently whirled around while the beer was going out and the sea water was going in and happened to be reversed when the upward pressure drew it back into position."

**THE WRONG COAT.**

What Happened When the Man Who Took It Came Back.

"I'll carry it," said a young man at an up town barber shop as the boy vainly tried to help him on with the light overcoat he had plucked from the row. Throwing the coat over his arm he departed hastily.

"Always arouses my suspicions," said the wise guy, "when a man carries away his overcoat from a public place instead of putting it on."

The man sitting alongside the wise guy looked up uneasily, walked over to the rack, examined an overcoat, emitted a howl and dashed out of the door. In a few minutes he returned with the young man who had carried the coat, both somewhat flustered.

"The barber shop was very much interested, and the barbers did not go on shaving. Malevolent glances were shot at the young man."

"I'm very sorry I took your coat," said he. "It looks very much like mine," as he indicated another coat hanging on the rack.

"Oh, yes," returned the other sarcastically. "Don't do it again, that's all."

The young man flushed deeply, but maintained his composure. "I shall ask you," he said, addressing the proprietor of the barber shop, "to put your hand in the inside breast pocket of my coat hanging there and show these gentlemen what you find."

The proprietor did so, while everybody rubbed. He produced the pocketbook. "You will find curls bearing my name," said the young man, mentioning the name. The curls were produced.

"What else is there?" continued the young man.

The proprietor fished into the pocketbook and displayed five \$100 bills and some others, making something over \$800.

"I may be very foolish to leave that money lying around in an overcoat," said the young man, "but I'd rather be thought a fool than a thief. I'm much obliged to you, sir" (bowing to the man who had brought him back), "for calling my attention so promptly, if rudely, to the mistake I made."—New York Sun.

**Asparagus and Cabbage.**

Cabbage, strange to tell, once grew without a head. It is a native of Europe. Wild cabbage, or the cabbage without a head, is called "collards." Cultivation puts a head on collards. Cabbage comes down by transmission from "cypot."

One of the oldest culinary vegetables is asparagus. Piny and Cato ate it for rheumatic gout and praised it highly. We are growing it today in perfection, better than they ever had it. Certain folk in lower Europe use asparagus beans as a substitute for coffee, and in this country we have a patent medicine made of the juice of the root which is said to be an excellent lithic. Asparagus is bleached nowadays as we bleach celery, the stalks being of a pale cream color when harvested.

**Filled the Bill.**

Young Ohed Perkins—It wasn't right for you to go to see Cynthia while I was going with her, Seth. She won't keep company with me at all now.

**"A Miss is As Good as a Mile."**  
If you are not entirely well, you are ill. Illness does not mean death's door. It is a sense of weariness, a "tired feeling," a life filled with nameless pains and suffering. In 90% of cases the blood is to blame. Hood's Sarsaparilla is Nature's corrective for disorders of the blood. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints.

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AND  
**Grass Knives**  
Sharpened.

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MACHINISTS,  
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**7-20-4**

The best judges of tobacco admit it is the best 10c. cigar on the market. The Havana tobacco now being used is of extra fine flavor.

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NO DUST NO NOISE

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CURS MALARIA

**PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.**  
WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.  
A Guide for Visitors and Members.

**OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. G. R.**  
Meets at Hall, Pease Block, High St., Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month.  
Officers—Charles F. Cole, N. C.; Fred Gardner, P. C.; Charles E. Oliver, V. C.; Geo. E. M. Smiley, V. H.; E. P. Gidney, H. P.; True W. Priest, K. of E.; Allison L. Phinney, C. of E.; Samuel B. Gardner, M. of R.; James Kehoe, S. H.

**CITY OF PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, K. OF C.**  
Meets at K. of C. Hall, High St., First and Third Tuesdays of each month.  
Officers—Geo. S. Kirvan, G. K.; W. H. Lyons, M. D.; D. G. K.; Wm. McEvoy Chan.; James Whitman, Warden; J. E. Meegan, Fin. Sec.; Victor J. Murphy, Rec. Sec.; Daniel Casey, Treas.

**OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.**  
Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thursday evening at 8:00 o'clock.  
Officers—Charles H. Kehoe, N. G.; George W. French, V. G.; Howard Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.; Albert C. Plumer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when dues are to be collected. Watch for it. All brother Odd Fellows not members of the Lodge are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meetings and are assured a cordial greeting.

**PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 2, O. U. A. M.**  
Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, First and Third Thursdays of each month.  
Officers—Edward Voudy, C.; George D. Richardson, V. C.; Fred Joslyn, S. Ex.; Arthur Woodsum, J. F.; Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank Langley, T. S.; J. W. Gorden, L.; Frank Walsh Ind.; Jas. Harold, Ean.; Joseph Welch, I. P.; Wm. P. Gardner, O. P.

**PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.**  
Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month, except Second Tuesday of June, July and August, and Fourth Tuesday of September.  
Officers—True W. Priest, E. R.; H. E. Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

**BSOR SENATE, NO. 603, K. A. K. O.**  
Meets in Pythian Hall, Second and Fourth Fridays in each month.  
Officers—Excellent Senator, Arthur S. Johnson; Sr. Seneschal, J. E. Chickering; Jr. Seneschal, Arthur C. Dares; Saraceno, E. W. Voudy Rec. Sec.; J. E. Harold; Zin. Sec.; A. O. Caswell; Treas.; E. C. Langley; Sr. Vigilante John B. Forbes; Jr. Vigilante, Chas. H. Magraw; Surgeon, Dr. A. B. Sherburne; Warden, W. P. Gardner.

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and has received the commendation of every Architect and Consumer generally. Persons wanting cement should not be misled. Obtain the best.

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Calls by night at residence, 9 Mills Avenue, or 11 Gates street, will receive prompt attention. Telephone at office and residence.

## CROKER HOME AGAIN.

Talks About Mayor Van Wyck and the Ice Trust.

## WILL AID THE GOVERNOR.

Declares That if the Mayor Has Been Guilty of Wrongdoing He Should Be Removed From Office.

New York, June 23.—The Mail and Express says:

Richard Croker said today that if Mayor Van Wyck has been guilty of any official wrongdoing in connection with 60 cent ice he would guarantee that he would be removed. The Tammany chief-tain arrived from Europe on the Conard Lucania with two of his sons, Frank and Herbert. His third son, Richard, followed the Lucania at quarantine from Health Officer J. Doty's boat. Mr. Croker has been away since January, when he left on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse. He laughingly said on the way up the bay, "I never felt better than now, nor have I ever been quite so stout."

One of the first questions put to the boss was naturally about ice.

"I have come over to investigate that very question," he replied, "and I'll in-



RICHARD CROKER.

vestigate if ever a man did. But I am not thoroughly posted on what has happened since I left the other side.

The situation was explained. One reporter said that Governor Roosevelt had threatened to remove Mayor Van Wyck on account of the ice scandal.

"If Mayor Van Wyck is guilty," said Mr. Croker impressively, "the governor has a right to remove him. And I shall do all in my power to aid the governor. But, of course, it must be remembered that every man is innocent until he is convicted."

"What do you consider an evidence of guilt?"

"If he used his office to get ice or any other kind of stock or to raise the price of ice."

"Governor Roosevelt states that the ice trust is an unincorporated corporation. What do you think?"

"How do I know?" said the boss, with a laugh. "I suppose the governor is going over that same old San Juan hill again. He ought to get something new. San Juan hill won't help him out next November."

"Do you own any ice stock, Mr. Croker?"

"If you put that question in less of a Mazet way, I'll probably answer it."

**Owned Ice Stock.**

"Have you ever been interested in ice stock?"

"That's better. I bought Philadelphia ice stock some time ago when I had no thought of becoming mixed up with the trust. I testified before the Mazet investigation that I had this stock. I bought it because I considered it to be as good an investment as could be found at that time. I had any number of offers for it, and—Here Mr. Croker turned his head slightly to look at a passing ship, and the finishing word of the sentence was lost to his listeners."

"Is it to be understood that you sold this stock?"

"That's a question that I must decline to answer," replied Mr. Croker, with a smile.

Health Commissioners Crosby and Jenkens, the latter a brother-in-law of Mr. Croker, had boarded the Lucania at quarantine from Dr. Doty's tug. The revenue cutter which took the reporters down to meet the ship also had Andrew Friedman, State Senator Thomas F. Grady and the Senator John Fox on board, and the presence of these inspired this question:

"Is it not peculiar, Mr. Croker, that those who are not mentioned as holding ice stock are the only ones to greet you?"

"There is nothing peculiar or even significant about it," said the chief, making a fine distinction on the five words "nothing peculiar about it at all."

"Do you think that the jump from 36 cents to 60 cents for ice was a big one?"

"Yes, a very big one, but then I do not know what the conditions are or whether these conditions justified the advance in price. It cost a big amount of money to store ice last winter, and the raise may have been on general principles."

"Are you speaking now as a holder of American ice stock?"

Young man, I answered a similar question to that in my way a few seconds ago. I won't answer questions in anybody else's way."

"Are you correctly quoted as saying that Tammany Hall would give ice to the poor free if it could?"

"Absolutely correct."

"Did you tell Mr. Lederer that there would be a hot time in town when you returned and touched the ice question?"

"I never said anything of the kind. If there was to be a hot time, I don't think I would tell it to anybody."

**Guns For San Diego.**

San Diego, Cal., June 23.—Captain J. S. Meyer has been directed by the war department to have plans drawn for a battery of two 3 inch guns to be located on North Island, at the entrance to San Diego harbor. The guns will be able to destroy any small craft that might steal up under the big 10 inch guns of Fort Rosecrans, across the channel.

**A Murderer at Twelve.**

Saratoga, June 23.—Frank Alden, aged 12 years, of Hadley Hill, Saratoga county, is under arrest charged with having shot and instantly killed his step-father, Wallace Goodnow, aged 53 years. Goodnow, who, as alleged, was crazed by jealousy, had threatened to cut his wife's throat and was aiming her abominably when Alden shot him.

## ALL A MYSTERY TO THE BLIND.

Persons Born Sightless Have No Accurate Conception of Sight.

"What a profound mystery invests all the operations of our senses! said the college professor of this city. 'I was talking the other day with a very intelligent blind man. He had been blind from birth, but had received an excellent education and was fully as well informed as the average person one meets in cultured circles. He spoke freely of his infirmity, and finally I asked him whether he had ever succeeded in forming a clear mental conception of the sense of sight. He replied frankly that he had not, and then he asked me several very curious questions.

"The idea of color, he said, was a great puzzle to him, and he had never been able to obtain the slightest clew to what was meant when one said, for instance, that one thing was red and another thing was blue. 'Your color impressions are absolutely stationary, are they not?' he asked. The question startled me. It was so strange. Now, what could possibly have been in his mind? One would infer that he associated color with some sort of movement, yet when I asked him to explain he couldn't do it. He soon told himself in words, sighed and gave it up. He understood, as nearly as I could gather, that the sense of sight somehow furnished him with information as to the size, shape, and general character of surrounding objects, but I am satisfied, from his questions, that he had formed no idea whatever of the picture that is presented to the brain. He was unable to understand how a whole scene could be taken in at once. He could distinguish a flat on a violin, he said, but suppose the whole surrounding country was full of violins, all playing different airs? That seemed to him a good analogy for the various things in a landscape. I soon realized that explanation on either side was hopeless. There was a barrier of the inexplicable between us.

"I went away with an immensely increased respect for the teachers at institutes for the blind and deaf and dumb. It is a marvelous thing that they ever succeed in breaking into those sealed brains and bringing children so terribly handicapped into touch with their fellow beings."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## A PAINFUL DREAM.

The One in Which You Imagine Yourself Partly Naked.

There is a painful class of dream which may be labeled the inadequately clothed dream. In this class of dream it occurs to us to come down from our bedrooms, to mingle in society, even sometimes to be present at court or to take part in the highest and most solemn functions, in a costume that we should deem scarcely adequate if we had been just roused from our beds by a shout of "Fire!"

The degrees of this comparative nudity are very various, and it is remarkable that never, so far as I can learn, has human being (that is to say, in the temperate climates) ever in his dreams appeared before his fellows in an absolutely Arcadian or idyllic lack of costume, but the costume is commonly very inadequate, so inadequate that the police would very rightly interfere in the bare interests of decency.

Indeed, that fear—the apprehension of police interference for the sake of the public morals—is a factor in the general uneasiness that we feel in our dreams in finding ourselves going abroad in such destitute. For we are conscious of a measure of uneasiness, we can feel that we did wrong in not putting on this or that absolutely indispensable portion of our wardrobe before we left our room, but it is as nothing to the utter shame and horror that would overwhelm us were we really to find ourselves in such conditions.

And in the same degree the shock that our appearance gives our unfortunate friends among whom we show ourselves in such guise is not a circumstance to the pain those sensitive souls would receive if our appearance were a reality instead of a subjective fancy. Yet we retain a sufficient sense of shame to be conscious of a very real relief when we wake to find that we have not behaved ourselves in such manner as to be the reproach of every right minded man and woman.—Longman's Magazine.

**Sugar as Food.**

Starch forms a considerable portion of our diet in one form or another, and all starch has to be converted into sugar by the saliva and intestinal juices before it can be assimilated. The action of these ferment breaks it up into simpler chemical compounds, so that it finally reaches the blood and muscles as dextrose, a form of sugar which can be burned to yield heat and muscular energy. The change required in sugar for its assimilation is very slight compared with that required for the digestion of starch.

It will thus be seen that the process of manufacturing sugar from its vegetable constituents results in a product that for digestive purposes is comparable to partially digested starch, so that it is evident the substitution of sugar for starch is of advantage to the digestive system, since it does not burden the digestive tract and less force is required for its digestion and assimilation. Unfortunately, however, nature will not tolerate man's attempt to present concentrated chemically separated pure foods for easy assimilation, except in limited amounts, and this is true of sugar, as of peptones, partially digested meats and similar foods.

**How He Cured Her.**

A young doctor took his best girl to the theater. The curtain was late in rising, and the young lady complained of feeling faint.

The doctor smiled sweetly upon her, took something out of his vest pocket and whispered to her to keep "the tablet" in her mouth, but not to swallow it.

She shyly placed it on her tongue and rolled it over and over, but it would not dissolve. She felt better, however.

When the performance was over, she slipped the tablet in her glove, being curious to examine at home this tasteless, indissoluble little substance which had given her such relief.

When alone in her room, she pulled off her glove, and out came a mother of pearl shell button.

**Explained.**

He—I have no appetite. There is a rumbling in my stomach like a cart on a cobblestone pavement.

She—Perhaps it's the truck you ate for luncheon.—What to Eat.

Some business men fall because they waste their time fooling over trifles that they could hire a boy to attend to for \$2 a week.—Exchange.

## HE WAS A BOY AGAIN!

AND HE SAW IN HIS MIND'S EYE THE CIRCUS OF HIS YOUTH.

Everything Was There Animals, Pink Lemonade, Peanuts and All, and the Circus After the Show, With the Clown's Comic Songs.

The stroller stopped in front of a gaudy circus poster—one of a series which ran down a block of fence on the side street. There was something familiar about it and something, he could not say what, which was not. The balance was on the side of the familiar, however, and a moment later he was under a spell.

He was a boy again; his long trousers somehow had got short, and he was wearing stockings, and he knew where to find the hole in them, just below the knee cap, and just above there was a spot on his right leg which felt comfortably sore from playing marbles. His shoulders shrunk in a vice, his chest grew boyishly flat, and he felt like thumping it to see if he were in condition to swap punches with Jimmy Brown. His height grew less, and his face, a moment ago waiting for a shave and very bristly, was soft and hairless; also he was back in the little southern village, and over by the village store where he got cinnamon and where his father bought the thick shoes with the shiny brass tips which he could not kick through. He knew, because he had tried without even hurting his toes, which were uneasily waiting barefoot time.

The sun grew warmer, too, and the air had the flat, sweet, earthy odor it gets from the prairie land. He sniffed the air greedily. His heart leaped within him, his breath was short, and there was something too big for his front ribs inside. He was a boy. The circus was coming to town and on Saturday, and there would be a parade, and—he reached his hand into a pocket which somehow seemed very small and pulled out his money—he had 35 cents, a two bits and two pennies—and his father had promised him two bits if he would be good, and that was 10 cents over for lemonade. Which would he take? Pink or the other kind? Maybe both, or popcorn or the plak, which looked and tasted both.

Now, however, he would look at all the pictures on the side of the village store. He would do it systematically and fairly, which was the most gratifying. He would walk down to the end with his eyes straight ahead and deny himself a single side glance at the lions and the elephants in pyramids, or the ladies in pink flying about in air, or the man shot out of the cannon, or the monkeys. No, he would go slowly and hold his breath at length over the lion taming.

Yes, there they were! The three rings in a tent a mile long, and high, and millions of people on the green grass, packed tight, and a lady hopping through a hoop on to a leaping white horse, and the clowns, and the acrobats, and the ring-master, and the Japanese jugglers. He studied their faces in detail to see if he could recognize any of the clowns. Then he looked at the roaring lions. "Gee, but I hope it don't rain!" he said, thinking of the awful task it would be to wait until dawn to see the show.

Incidentally he got ready his argument as to whether the lions could carry off Farmer Tate's old black bull, which served better than a watchdog in the orchard, and whether the sheriff's bloodhound, which caught the man who shot Johnny's uncle, could kill one of them. Those arguments were to be used on the town boys, no matter which side he took.

Then there were the ostriches and the birds that were like ostriches, but didn't have such long feathers, and a pink bird. The elephants were in the next picture, and he wondered if the baby one was really that little and whether it ate only milk or would take peanuts. He would shell the peanuts first, if necessary. The wild west hunt spread away before him, and the buffaloes were in a thoroughly combative. He thought he would like to hunt buffaloes and could use the gun with little shot at other times for squirrels, Robins, which were easy to hit, he would not shoot with a real gun. They were good enough for slugs, but—he wanted a gun. Next there were all sorts of queer things—cows with humps, gray lions, and wolves and a tiger which rolled itself up into a ball. He didn't know what it was. It was kinder like a mud turtle in some respects; but, as the postmaster said, "You couldn't never be sure." He would investigate that if the elephant and monkeys didn't take too much time.

This brought him to the end of the fence. There was the pink paper with his kick letter. He thought it would have no tears for him; he would have 60 cents and could go in openly and didn't need to carry water for the elephants. He stuck his hands in his pockets and stepped back to read the sign with comfortable arrogance. But what was that? "Concert after show. Clown's comic songs; 25 cents admission." Jimmie!

He had forgotten that. He would have a grip up the pink lemonade. But, no. Then he would wait 10 minutes and go to see the elephants, and he wanted the pink lemonade, and the baby elephant had to be fed. Jim Jones would brag if he didn't. He might go into the tent after the show and see the animals and go to the concert, but most of the evening would be closed. He stopped to think.

To think he had to kick his toes into the ground, and he looked to see what sort of holes the brass tips were making. He had on dapper patent leather shoes and was old and in the city, had a college diploma and a good position. He pulled some money from his pocket and studied it. It was a \$10 bill. He would give it all to be just a boy and would be happy with the two bits and a dime and let the concert go, and father would be—Well, he'd go to the circus anyhow—just for old times—and he'd let his baby's boy and take him too.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

**A Good Man's Gratitude.**

Rillyuns—Do you find that it pays to hire a physician by the year?

Rockingham—Well, it paid me last year all right. Our doctor has kept my wife's mother in California for her health during the past 15 months, and I'm seriously thinking of raising his salary.—Chicago Times-Herald.

**A Judge.**

Fuddy—I am sure I don't know whether she can sing best or play best.

Daddy—I think she can play best.

Fuddy—Then you had better hear her play.

Daddy—No; but I have heard her play.

—Boston Transcript.

## HE DROWNED THE BUFFALO.

A Texas Stockman's Story of an Experience in the Little Arkansas.

A group of gentlemen at the live stock convention at 11 Reno were talking about the skill of Oklahoma cowboys in throwing the lariat when R. E. Word, Sr., whose home is at Higgins, Tex., but whose cattle are mostly in Oklahoma, said: "I had an experience today when I was a young man which put me through a lively game. As a Texan who had followed the range all his life, I felt that there was not a broncho on top of the ground that could throw me and nothing on four legs that I couldn't rope and tie."

In the summer of 1871 I was on the Little Arkansas river about five miles south of Wichita, Kan. I had a splendid horse, trained for the range and almost as intelligent as a man. One afternoon I came suddenly upon five big buffalo bulls that had wandered away from the main herd. I pulled my pistol, killed one of them and, not having time to reload, decided to rope one. Shortly afterward I found myself with a big job on my hands.

At the first throw my rope dropped around the old bull's horns. Now, when a buffalo makes up his mind to go anywhere in a rush he travels in a straight line. You may be able to turn him a little, but in the end he will keep his course. That was what this bull did. He headed toward the Little Arkansas, with the evident intention of crossing it. My horse, always fearless when handling cattle, had been so for some time, but with a buffalo, and I was unable to check the bull, who soon had me going south at a lively clip. I was becoming of the opinion that the only way out of my trouble was to cut my rope and let the bull carry it off.

"The Little Arkansas is narrow in places, while at no great distance away will be found pools and five feet deep and from 25 to 40 feet wide. The bull rushed headlong into one of these pools. The opposite bank was perpendicular and about a foot and a half above the water. Taking in the situation quickly, I saw that I could cut out my rope far enough to enable my horse to cross at a narrow, shallow place. He jumped across, in fact, ahead of the bull, which had to wade. My horse had to keep going and jerked the rope just as the bull started to climb up the bank. The jerk pulled the bull's nose into the water and his shaggy head against the perpendicular bank. He made a great uproar, but my horse held him there as in a vise. Strange as it may seem, I succeeded in keeping that bull's nose under water until he was drowned. I always regarded this as my greatest feat of roping."—Oklahoma Cor. in Kansas City Star.

**PEOPLE WHO SYNDICATE SORROW.**

Not Apt to Be Popular With Their Fellow Men.

The most selfish man in the world is the one who is most unselfish—with his sorrows. He does not leave a single misery of his untold to go or unsuffered by you. He gives you all of them. The world becomes to him a syndicate formed to take stock in his private cares, worries and trials. His mistake is in forming a syndicate; he should organize a trust and control it all himself; then he could keep every one from getting any of his misery.

Autobiography constitutes a large part of the conversation of some people. It is not really conversation—it is an uninteresting monologue. The people study their individual lives with a microscope, and then they throw an enlarged view of their miseries on a screen and lecture on them as a stereopticon man discourses on the microbes in a drop of water. They tell you that they "did not sleep a wink all night;" they "heard the clock strike every quarter of an hour." Now, there is no real cause for this boasting of insomnia. It requires no peculiar talent or thought to do come only to wide awake people.

If you ask such a man how he is feeling, he will trace the whole genealogy of his present condition down from the time he had the grip four years ago. You hope for a word; he gives you a treatise. You asked for a sentence; he delivers an encyclopaedia. His motto is, "Every man his own Boswell." He is syndicating his sorrows.

The woman who makes her trials with her children, her troubles with her servants, her difficulties with her family, the subjects of conversation with her callers is syndicating her sorrows.—"Kingship of Self Control."

**Too Frank.**

A clothing merchant in lower Broadway had a big lot of suits of clothes that he had bought at a bargain, and by putting a price of \$15 on each he thought they would sell rapidly. He was very exceptionally good value for the money. He put one of the suits on a form and set it in front of his store, with a sign about its neck which one of his smart clerks had painted on a piece of cardboard. This announced the price. Then he and his clerks prepared to do a rushing business.

The hours passed on, and no one came in to buy the suits. This caused the merchant to wonder, and at length he determined to go out and take a look at the sample suit and the sign. This is what he found on the sign: "These Suits \$15. They Won't Last Long." Pedestrians passing by saw the sign and smiled at his frankness.

The merchant tore the sign from the suit, and the clerk who designed it started out to seek for another job.—New York Mail and Express.

**The Japs' Inner Circle.**

The Japan Daily Mail said recently: To eat with chopsticks and sit on mats and wear big sleeved coats do not bring a man any nearer to genuine intimate intercourse with the Japanese people. The language is also needed. Yet, even when the language is added, something still remains to be achieved, and what that something is we have never been able to discover, though we have been considering the subject for 33 years. No foreigner has ever succeeded in being admitted to the inner circle of Japanese intercourse.

**Bad Bargain.**

Mr. Shimmer—Your story is not a very plausible one. This caused the merchant to wonder, and at length he determined to go out and take a look at the sample suit and the sign. This is what he found on the sign: "These Suits \$15. They Won't Last Long." Pedestrians passing by saw the sign and smiled at his frankness.

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## PUZZLED ALL AROUND

AN AMUSING INCIDENT THAT EXCITED A SLEEPING CAR.

A Mystery That Was Started by a Bridal Couple, Heightened by an Unembarrassed Young Man and Titled by the Dusky Porter.

The bridal couple boarded the train at Suspension Bridge. He was a smooth faced, well set up young man, and she was a sweet, pretty girl of a bride. There was a large, very hilarious company of wedding guests to see them off, and as the pair struggled through their carriage to the sleeping car they were almost lost to view in showers of rice and flying old shoes. Even this demonstration was not considered adequate, and a dozen or so young men followed them to their seats and poured streams of rice over them and down their backs until the train pulled out, while the crowd on the platform howled joyfully.

The young couple stood the ordeal with great courage, and after the train had started did so well that before long the rest of the passengers in the car left off watching them and began turning in.

The next morning the interest in them grew again, when section after section of the car was made up until the bridal couple's section stood alone with its curtains still drawn. This was the state of things at 8 o'clock, and at 8:30 there had been no change. Nine and a quarter past came round, and still there was no sign of life from the bridal section.

The movement continued, increased, until suddenly, after an especially violent agitation of the curtains, they parted sufficiently to let a young man slip between them into the aisle. His hair was ruffled and his coat collar turned up, and he carried a traveling bag and various articles of wearing apparel to be doctored in the washroom. As the young man hurried forward he seemed somewhat puzzled by the almost smiling interest of the rest of the car, but of embarrassment he showed not a trace.

When he had disappeared, the car settled itself to await the excess of the bride. But if she was about to make her appearance she showed no signs of it. Neither sound nor motion was discernible from the recesses behind the curtains.

In a little while the young man came back showing the freshened effect of cold water and hairbrushes and moved the bottom of the curtains aside sufficiently to shove his bag under the berth. As he rose to his feet again the car saw that he was looking down reflectively at the cargo of rice which covered the floor.

He continued to regard it for some time, fixedly. Then he raised his eyes and surveyed the car. There was a more or less suppressed smile on every face, but the young man still showed no embarrassment. His eyes traveled down one side and back the other, and they were filled only with a calm thoughtfulness. Then he arranged the folds of the heavy curtains with elaborate solicitude and finally went forward again and whiskered something to a porter.

A passenger would probably have gladly paid double fare to have heard those half dozen whispered words. The pretty mystery was assuming proportions. But the porter only said, "Yes, sah." And then the young man went over and sat down gravely in an ad seat from where he looked smack into the face of every soul in the car.

By this time it was no longer interest that moved the inmates of the car. It was palpitation of the heart. The air was crisp with expectation. It seemed certain that the bride must now make her appearance.

The next moment the porter came down the aisle toward the bridal section. He was a fat and very black porter. For an instant he paused before the silent curtains. Then a several men got half way to their feet. With two swift movements he had pulled the curtains wide apart and was thumping and pulling at something within! Another instant and horror had given way to amazement, for the inside of the berth immediately became visible to all who cared to see. The porter was making up the section. The bride had vanished!

The car turned swiftly to the hapless bridegroom on the front seat. An expression of Arcadian simplicity rested on his countenance.

A few moments later the porter started toward his linen closet, but half way down the aisle he was held up by half a dozen male passengers with wonder-stricken faces.

"What has become of the bride?" they demanded.

The porter scratched his head and looked at them incomprehensibly. Then he showed his teeth in a grin.

"Oh, the bridal couple 'at got on at Suspension Bridge?" he said. "They done left the train 'at last night. They didn't have their section made up. That gentleman down in front of the car he had upper one, 'at he kicked so I shifted him over soon as the bride couple left."

The car turned again toward the young man on the front seat. The expression of Arcadian simplicity was still with him. But for the first time across his face there glimmered a faint, thoughtful smile.

The half dozen male passengers and the porter held a moment's consultation in the middle of the car. Then they came forward, and one of their number said something in a low voice to the young man on the front seat. The young man rose to his feet still smiling thoughtfully.

"I see," he said softly. "I don't care if I do."

# SHIRT WAISTS

That cannot be excelled for style, fit and workmanship.

50 cts. to \$3.25.

**LEWIS E. STAPLES,**  
7 Market Street.

Yes It's Stronger

## Eagle

QUAD-STAY.

Sprockets always in line.

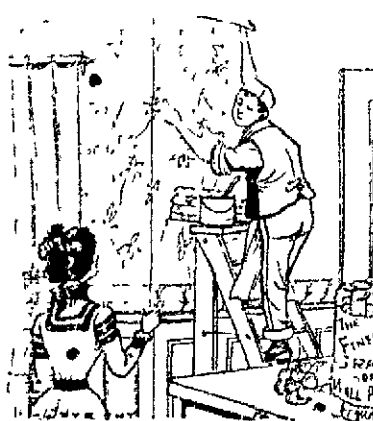
Road Racer, \$50;  
Track Racer, \$60.

The lightest and easiest running bicycle in the world. Come and trade in your old wheel.

PHILBRICK'S

BICYCLE STORE,

21 Fleet Street Portsmouth.



SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER

Now, and we have the finest stock of hand-made wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

**J. H. Gardiner**  
8 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

## OCEAN

## RIVER

## -PROPERTIES-

For Sale or Rent

AT

## TOBEY'S

Real Estate Agency,  
32 Congress Street.

## S. G.

BEST 100. CIGAR

In The Market.

**S. GRAYMISH, MFG.**  
Pure Havana.

THE HERALD.

MONDAY, JUNE 25, 1900.

### CITY BRIEFS

The church attendance was large yesterday.

The Mathes towed barge No. 9 over from York on Sunday.

Native strawberries are in the market, as are also gooseberries.

Sunday was the liveliest day of the summer season thus far.

The Piscataqua will tow the Newcastle and Dover to Boston today.

The electric on the Rye line did a rushing business all day Sunday.

Harry Stackpole tried his new steam launch on Sunday, with great success.

The commencement exercises at Dartmouth college begun this morning.

Conner, photographer studio, (formerly Nickerson's,) No. 1 Congress street.

The Sam Adams went to the Shoals on Sunday, her repairs being all completed.

The tugs ordered to tow the Reina Mercedes from Norfolk to the navy yard are at Norfolk.

The dealers in flags and bunting are beginning to receive orders for flags for campaign purposes.

Since the Buffalo Bill show, the small boy has been hoarding his pennies away for the Fourth.

The bay was full of sailing vessels and yachts on Sunday, many craft of the Yacht club being out.

The Sunday school picnic of the Methodist church is to be held on Wednesday next at Sagamore grove.

Rubber heels become very popular and John G. Mott is fitting out the local public with an excellent article.

The census enumerators can't tell, O, no; but the figures in various towns and cities are leaking out somehow.

The warm weather is making the coast resort landlords hustle to get ready for the inevitable rush now almost due.

Rubber tires for wagons seem to meet with increasing favor. It is a noticeable fact that there are more in this city this summer than ever before.

As the Viking was coming back from Gloucester, those on board got a good view of a great brush fire on the northern side of Eastern point.

On Wednesday the Methodist Sunday school will hold their annual picnic at Sagamore grove. They will go by a special car, leaving the parade at 8.30.

With the mercury hovering around the ninety mark, the reported rise in the price of coal doesn't worry many people.

Officer Hurley accompanied the excursionists on the Viking, but no trouble of any sort made a demand upon his services.

Another meeting of the interested in the new commandery of the Knights of Malta will be held next Tuesday evening at Red Men's hall.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary society of the Methodist church held a "Twentieth Century Thank Offering" meeting in the vestry this evening.

The Boys' brigade of the Y. M. C. A. go into camp at Wallis sands today. Military Director Harry Robinson will have charge of the boys. They will break camp next Saturday.

### WATER FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, June 24—Schooners Etta A. Simpson, Philadelphia, coal for J. A. A. W. Walker; James & Ella, Plum Island for Kittery with sand; tug H. A. Mathes, barge P. N. Co. No. 9, York for Boston; tug Lehigh, barge Barnagat, Perth Amboy, for Dover, Lehigh proceeded to Portland.

Arrived, June 25—Schooners Albert T. Stearns, Baltimore, coal for J. A. A. W. Walker.

Sailed, June 25—Tug Piscataqua, Boston; schooner Sallie E. Kimball, do.

### EXCURSION TO GLOUCESTER.

About two hundred people went to Gloucester on the steamer Viking, Sunday. The party had a stay of nearly two hours in the quaint old Massachusetts town, which they improved to the utmost. Quite a number took along their bicycles and rode around the city. The sea was pretty choppy and many of the excursionists became seasick and furnished amusement for their more fortunate companions. It was one of the most successful trips that the Viking has ever made along the coast, however.

### ST JOHN'S DAY.

DeWitt Clinton commandery, headed by Lurvey's Lynn band, formed on Congress street this morning and marched to Middle street, where cars were taken for Hampton beach. There were several cars well filled with ladies who will pass the day at the beach.

## AN ENTIRE WEEK OF PLEASURE.

### New Hampshire Men Loud in Their Praise of Philadelphian Hospitality.

#### As Guests of Hon. Frank Jones, They Were Most Grandly Treated Everywhere.

Hon. Frank Jones and his guests arrived home from Philadelphia on Saturday morning, after one of the most enjoyable trips that has ever been experienced by any party of New Hampshire men.

There was not a single thing to mar the pleasure of the trip from the moment the train left South Union station in Boston until their return to the "Old Granite State." Mr. Jones had engaged the elegant Pullman car "Deborah" for the journey which was attached to the "Colonial" express going and returning, and in the line of railroad facilities everything was superb. In Philadelphia the party stopped at the Walton which was the principal hotel and the headquarters of the National committee and Mr. Jones saw that his guests were provided with the best of everything during their stay.

In the work of naming the candidate for vice president the leaders of the New Hampshire delegation took a prominent part. Hon. Frank Jones and Senator W. E. Chandler were the first to consult with Chairman Hanna and Governor Roosevelt and it was from these men that the first news came at the hotel.

Senator Gallinger took a prominent part with the National committee and

times on the return. Of the many delegations none were shown the attention that was received by Mr. Jones and his guests and the delightful tallyho ride through the famous Fairmount Park system on Monday was a treat that was not accorded a single other delegation.

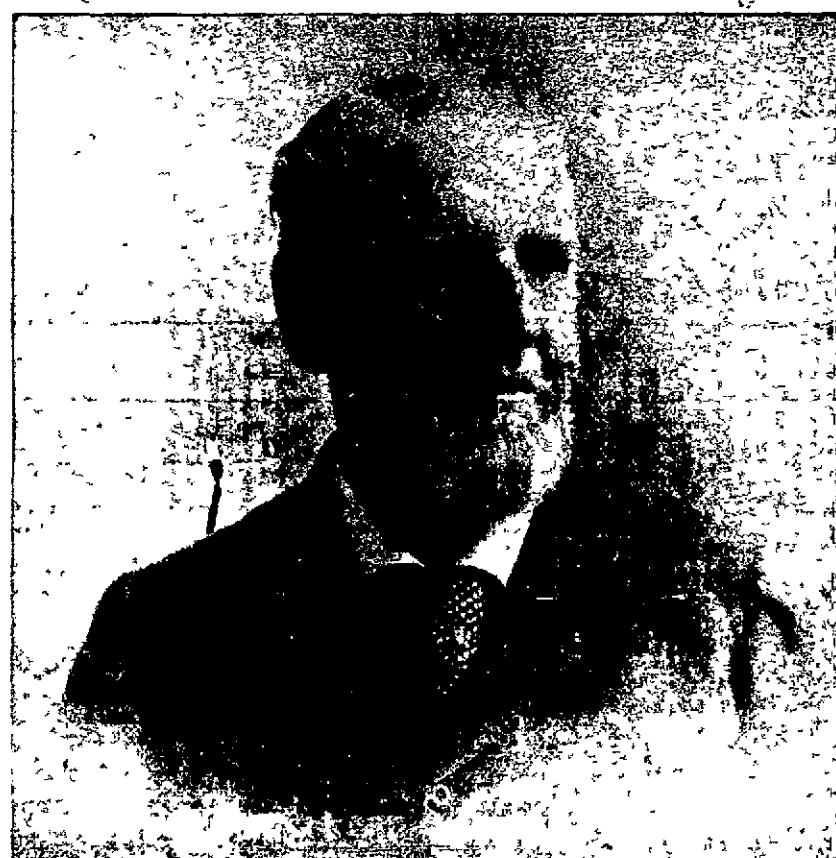
J. Gardner Ramsdell, the chairman of the committee is a New Hampshire boy and was born in Rindge where he worked in a sawmill and he is now one of Philadelphia's well known millionaires having made millions in the piano business.

The party was admitted to the freedom of the famous Union league and also the Manufacturers' club during their stay, and they will not soon forget the happy hours spent at the Union league and the many courtesies of its members.

It is a grand institution and does honor to the city and state.

#### The Mayor's Secretary.

J. Hamilton Moore, private secretary to Mayor Ashburton, showed the visitors much attention and presided as toastmaster at a reception given the New Hampshire delegation on Thursday night. He was at the head of the committee that had charge of the arrange-



HON. FRANK JONES

the work of the committee on resolutions took up considerable of his time. Congressman Sulloway received as much attention as any man at the convention and Congressman Clarke was warmly greeted by the congressmen in the city during the week and at the clubs his eloquent voice was heard on many occasions.

#### The City of Many Names.

The city of Brotherly Love, the city of charters, the city of monuments, the city of riches, the more familiar Quaker city, are only a few of the many names given to the magnificent city of Philadelphia, the cleanest and most up-to-date of any city in the country. Such was the opinion of the New Hampshire delegation which returned from there on Saturday morning after a week's absence as the guests of Hon. Frank Jones, and so well pleased were the members that they stopped in front of the city hall on the way to the railway station on the return home and gave three hearty cheers to Mayor Ashburton and Private Secretary Moore. Both presented themselves at the window and acknowledged the compliment.

The city hall, as is well known, is the largest in the country, and it is, indeed, an immense building, and the electrical decorations placed thereon were among the finest of the convention.

#### The Reception Committee.

The committee appointed by Mayor Ashburton was made up of the most prominent men of the city and they were all right royal entertainers and from the moment that the train bearing the party reached the beautiful city of Philadelphia, the friends of Mr. Jones were in the hands of the committee and they gave their entire time and attention to the delegation. That they succeeded in making the stay in the Quaker city one of the most delightful in the memory of all present was said many

ments for the convention. He is one of the most eloquent speakers in the city of Philadelphia and it was agreed by all that to him more than to any other individual was due the credit of the success of the convention. Every member of Mr. Jones' party was delighted with the talents and brilliancy of Mr. Moore as a speaker and he said many kind things about the "Old Granite State."

#### The Members of the Party.

Senator W. E. Chandler, Senator J. H. Gallinger, Hon. Frank Jones, Portsmouth; Hon. Frank G. Clark, Peterboro; Hon. C. A. Sulloway, Manchester; Hon. James O. Lyford, Concord; Hon. Albert Wallace, Rochester; Col. Fred A. Palmer, Manchester; Col. A. F. Howard, Portsmouth; John McNamee, Milford; Frank P. Brown, Whitefield; E. H. Rollins, Alton; Rufus E. Garves, Newton; Edward C. Hitchcock, Newport; J. M. Lavin, Berlin; Frank Wood, Berlin; Frank Wood, Boston; Frank Spichtig, Portsmouth; Henry M. Cheney, Nashua; James A. Wood and J. W. Hartford, Portsmouth; Col. R. N. Elwell, Exeter; County Solicitor J. G. Hoyt, Kingston; Postmaster J. T. Welch, Dover; G. H. Moses, Concord; Dr. G. A. Young, Concord; T. F. Clifford.

The arrangements for the party, during the entire trip were in charge of Col. A. F. Howard. They were splendidly planned and executed under his wise management.

#### One Pleasant Incident.

One very pleasant incident of the visit to Philadelphia is told by the Philadelphia Inquirer of June 22, as follows.

"There was an incident at the Hotel Walton last night that somewhat relieved the convention routine and represented a small part of the gratitude of the visiting delegates to the citizens' committee for its kindness to them dur-

ing their stay in Philadelphia. The New Hampshire delegates and those who accompanied them to Philadelphia presented that part of the citizens' committee to whom their care had been confided with tokens of their appreciation of the efforts made for their entertainment in the shape of sterling silver souvenirs.

The presentation took place in the apartments of the Hon. Frank Jones, delegate at large from New Hampshire, and whose guests the delegation has been during the convention. In the fore part of the evening the delegation paid a visit to Colonel Quay, at Senator Grady's home, on North Nineteenth street, and at the conclusion marched to the Walton. The sub committee on the entertainment of New Hampshire of the citizens' committee arrived shortly afterwards, and then the presentation of gifts took place.

"Hon. James O. Lyford, naval officer of the port of Boston, thanked the committee for its kindness. 'It is indeed a pleasure to visit a city so brimful of kindness and overflowing with hospitality as Philadelphia has shown herself to be during the past week,' said Mr. Lyford. 'At all times noted for her hospitality and readiness to extend a welcome to strangers, the Quaker city has surpassed herself. Accept these gifts, gentlemen, in slight token of the appreciation of New Hampshire for the kindness of the past week. Philadelphia should indeed be proud of her mayor, her able chairman of the citizens' committee, and indeed of all who have labored so nobly and unselfishly for the entertainment of the visitors.'

Mr. Lyford was followed by F. W. Hartford, editor of the Portsmouth Chronicle, who said: 'We came to Philadelphia strangers, but were met by a committee of business men who have entertained us in such a manner as to make us friends of the Quaker city, which we have voted more than hospitable. We were fortunate in being met by a committee of such representative men and royal good fellows, who not for a single moment have neglected our welfare and comfort. Most of us have become attached to Pennsylvania and know its prominence through that great and enthusiastic representative, Hon. Matthew Stanley Quay, whom the rank and file of the party in New Hampshire honor and respect. Mr. Hartford's speech caused much enthusiasm and his reference to Colonel Quay was greeted with an outburst of applause. Speeches were also made by George H. Moses and Congressman Frank G. Clark, of New Hampshire, in which tribute was paid to the committee and also to the hospitality of Hon. Frank Jones. The gifts were then presented and each member of the committee expressed his thanks. J. Hamilton Moore, secretary of the Citizens' committee, made a short speech.

"The gifts were of sterling silver and each bore the recipient's name, followed by the inscription, 'Republican National Convention, 1900, New Hampshire.' The presents were as follows: T. M. Shafter corkscrew; E. B. Artman, cigar jar; George F. Payne, decanter; Julius A. Kaiser, cigar stand and lighter; John Roberts, flask; Charles H. Mann, unique cigar lighter, C. G. Wetzel, umbrella; J. R. Jones, traveling cup; J. G. Ramsdell, claret cup; Monroe Smith, pitcher. Hon. Frank Jones was also presented a traveling bag.

#### POLICE COURT.

A Trio of Drunks Appear Before Judge Emery.

Three Sunday drunks were before Judge Emery in police court today. One was a female, Mrs. Mary Crowley. She was arrested on Green street by Officers Murphy and Seymour. Although she usually makes a kick in going to the station, the officers by a bit of diplomacy, got her to the woman's cell, very quietly. She pleaded guilty but disclosed on Daniel Barrett as the man who furnished her with liquor and the case was continued to three o'clock.

Charles Hendrickson, a Swede, a sailor on the schooner O. C. Lane, now discharging coal at Walker's wharf, pleaded guilty to drunkenness on the craft. He was fined \$10 and costs amounting to \$3.44. He will have to go to the county farm unless the captain furnishes the amount due.

John Casey of Stratham, who was last graduated from Brentwood in April, got a sentence of sixty days at the county institution and costs of \$6.90.

It is wearisome to remark that Willie Moulton is in a cell at the station and will be tried at three o'clock for breaking and entering. He robbed a lunch cart, for the second time recently and will go the reform school, this trip.

#### BICYCLE CLUB RUN.

About twenty members of the Portsmouth bicycle club enjoyed a run to Rochester on Sunday, and were the guests of the Rochester cycle club. They returned at 8 o'clock in the evening, and reported a good time.

**PERSONALS.**  
George W. Williams of Salem, Mass., is in the city.  
Charles Gentleman is home from Dartmouth for his summer vacation.  
Daniel McIntire has returned from a visit with his grandson in New Jersey.  
Mr. and Mrs. George D. Marcy have opened their summer residence at Foss' beach.  
Miss Magdalena Dondoro sang a solo at the Unitarian church on Sunday morning.  
Principal Alvah H. M. Curtis of the Haven school is passing a few days in Everett, Mass.  
Deputy Sheriff Brickley of Manchester was in this city, Sunday, on his way home from Dover.

Winslow Peirce of St. Paul's school, Concord, is passing his vacation with his parents in this city.

Rear Admiral Philip Hichborn, U. S. N., and wife, have arrived back in Washington from their trip to the Pacific.

Albert W. Parsons, an old Portsmouth resident, died at the Cottage hospital this afternoon, aged sixty-eight years.

Commander G. B. Ransom, U. S. N., who is to relieve Captain W. H. Harris, U. S. N., at the navy yard, has arrived in the city.

Howe Call went to Gloucester on the Viking, Sunday, and thence rode into Boston on his wheel, intending to return today.

V. K. Jones, Miss Nellie Walker and Miss Addie J. Corbett of Lynn, Mass., are visiting Joseph R. Curtis of North west street.

Frank B. Stevens and family of Newtonville, Mass., are at the Rockingham, en route for York Harbor where they are to pass the season.

P. E. Kane has resigned his position as night operator in the Boston & Maine telegraph office, to become bookkeeper for Thomas Loughlin.

Miss M. Lizzie Drew of Hanover street held an at-home, Saturday afternoon. She will close her residence this week and go to Roslindale, Mass., for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hopkins attended the commencement exercises at Harvard last week, when their cousin, John M. Glidden was one of the graduates, and returned to Portsmouth on Saturday night, having enjoyed the spread in Both hall.

#### LETTER CARRIERS' OUTING.

The Portsmouth letter carriers enjoyed an outing at York Beach on Sunday. A special car was placed at their disposal by the management of the Portsmouth, Kittery and York street railway. In the party, as guests, were carriers from Dover, Newburyport, Haverhill and other cities. Postmaster John T. Welch of Dover was also there. The day at the beach was passed most pleasantly, the committee of arrangements having laid out an interesting schedule.

#### OBSEQUES.

The funeral of John Lynch was held at the Church of the Immaculate Conception at one o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The Rev. Fr. E. M. O'Callaghan officiated. The burial was in St. Mary's cemetery under the direction of W. P. Miskell, the following friends of the deceased acting as pall bearers: John Lynch, Thomas Lynch, John Lane and William Lane of Boston, Thomas Lynch and John Murphy of this city.

#### THE WENTWORTH OPEN.

The Hotel Wentworth opened for the season on Saturday. Already sixty rooms are occupied and the house will fill so rapidly that very soon every apartment will be taken. The immense hotel and its grounds are more charming this year than ever.

Hundreds of lives saved every year by having Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the house just when it is needed. Cures croup, heals burns, cuts, wounds of every sort.

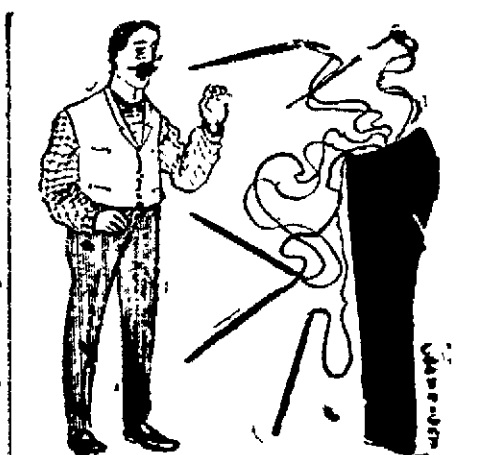
## Old Furniture Made New.

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Cushions and Coverings.

**R. H. HALL**

Hanover Street Near Market.



## THE WORK OF THE NEEDLE

in the hands of one skilled in its use something good to see. That is why the garments tailored here are so pleasing to the eye.

### STYLE, FIT AND FINISH

show the touch of the expert. And there's no better goods anywhere than those we present for inspection. Oxfords, cashmeres, worsteds and tweeds—solid colors, stripes, plaids and checks in refined and pleasing designs.

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Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer, Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldridge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

## ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill a order promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

**C. E. Boynton**

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